

## erasers (and the great use of them)

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## erasers (and the great use of them)

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

“You’re so stupid,” George says after his breathing has calmed down, and he feels it when Dream chuckles. His shoulder rubs against George’s, and his breath hits his hair, and Dream turns and suddenly he’s so much closer. George almost wants to make a run for it.

"How am I stupid? You couldn’t– you were about to ruin my eardrums a second ago!"

"*You* were the one who fell on top of me! I was about to die. You’re a murderer," George argues, feeling warm all over.

Dream huffs. "You’re so dramatic. I didn’t *actually* kill you."

George arrives to Florida, and Dream is more than happy to blur the lines between them.

### Notes

disclaimer: if anyone in this fic expresses any discomfort to being in it, i will gladly delete this and also myself

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happy reading!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It’s three minutes after arriving in Florida that George considers flying right back to London.

He has yet to even step out of the airport, but he considers it anyway, with the way his heart is on the verge of a heart attack. George has no idea why he’s so nervous. He is a millisecond from

calling it quits and walking back to the desk for an immediate ticket back.

His hands won't rest, pulling at the hem of his shirt, unzipping and fiddling with his jacket. He can't seek comfort in his phone either, with it being close to dead, and the fact that Sapnap said he was arriving "soon" two minutes ago won't leave his mind.

The thought of meeting Sapnap in less than a few minutes, and Dream right after, is nerve wracking, if only for the idea that they're different people when they're in front of each other. It sets his hands shaky.

George doesn't let himself think about it anymore than he has to, or else he might accidentally implode on the spot. Instead, he spends twelve minutes staring at the concrete in front of him.

A car rolls up, and Sapnap steps out.

It takes only a moment for them to spot each other, George still where he stands as Sapnap jogs over, and it's only awkward when Sapnap questions, "George?", and they both stare at each other for a second, before George laughs loud and bright and drags Sapnap into one of the tightest hugs he's ever delivered.

"Holy shit, you're like a twig," Sapnap breathes out, and George squeezes him a little tighter, out of murderous intent.

"Shut up," George lets go, and both of their faces are flushed red, surely, with wide smiles, "I'm literally taller than you. Idiot."

It's sunny while they're walking to the car, and it's as though all the words in George are bubbling out, because he's smiling so hard and he can't help but talk, talk like they've been separated for so long and Sapnap needs to know everything *immediately*.

He's thankful that Sapnap seems to be doing the same, hands jittery and his entire body buzzing while he clicks in his seatbelt and directs both of them out of the airport.

Neither of them bother with the aux, not when they're too focused on finally being together, too distracted with the reality of it to play any music, instead some pop music crooning out of the radio. The wind passing by them as Sapnap drives fast on the highway is loud, muffled when they roll up the windows and put the A.C. on blast.

Sapnap's voice is a little deeper, George notices, more prone to cracking, and his hair is a darker brown than George had assumed it to be. George kind of wants to reach out and grab onto him, just to make sure he's not a figment of pixels.

It's only when they're twelve minutes from their destination, as their GPS kindly informs them, that Sapnap mentions, "I can't believe I got to meet you before Dream."

"His fault for being faceless," George says, and brings his hands together in his lap, suddenly unsure what to do with himself. "What's he doing right now, do you think?"

"Probably tearing the whole house down," he answers, and George huffs a laugh. "He was, like, cleaning *everything* he saw when I left." Sapnap takes an exit on the highway, and the entire car swerves a little. "He might accidentally dust you on sight."

George grins, and the idea of Dream cleaning everything in a hurried frenzy is more endearing than he would think, as if the man had a frilly pink apron on with a duster in hand, a blurred space where his face would be.

He'd have a proper face to replace that with, in eleven minutes.

The thought makes him nervous, tingly all over, and he focuses on Sapnap beside him instead.

"Do I get my own room?" He asks, and Sapnap nods.

"*Obviously*, there's an entire room for you," Sapnap says. "I mean, if there wasn't an extra room, we could've roomed together. We could still room. We could get a bunk bed."

"Absolutely not," George scoffs, shaking his head. "I'd die. Of your— your *musk*. Your room probably stinks."

"It does *not*," Sapnap immediately protests, "it smells like frosted Siberian pine. Tahitian vanilla." He pauses, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel. "Maybe even some bergamot sage, if I'm feeling classy."

Perhaps bringing up the scent of Sapnap's room was a mistake, because the rest of the ride is spent with Sapnap listing the various candles he'd recently purchased from Target, alongside the many soaps and laundry detergents he uses.

It's nice, driving down the highway while Sapnap talks about his candles and what scents do and don't work together, but George finds himself relieved when they pull into a driveway anyway, having heard enough about the different undertones of vanilla.

Sapnap refuses to let George touch his own luggage, only handing George his duffel bag to carry while he rolls the suitcase to the door. Maybe this was for the best, with George so close to falling over from sheer nervousness.

He doesn't know why he's so anxious. It's only Dream. But nothing is ever "only" with Dream.

When they're both stood on the front step, a brown *Welcome!* mat underneath their shoes, Sapnap insists, "You ring the doorbell."

George makes a face. "What? Why?"

"Just do it," Sapnap urges, and George relents as he rolls his eyes and raises a hand.

He rings the doorbell. He can hear the doorbell ring from the inside, followed by a strange clatter, and George vaguely begins to wonder if they've got the wrong house until the door abruptly opens.

George looks up.

"Hello," he says, and he barely gets a glimpse of widening green eyes and no second to prepare before he is pulled into a hug. The breath gets knocked out of him, and he lets out a rugged *oof*.

Maybe this is what Sapnap felt when he and Dream first met, overly enveloped and practically melting into the side of Dream, and he's hit with the scent of some sort of body wash and his face is pressed into Dream's shoulder and he can't breathe without Dream holding him even closer and he almost feels suffocated.

He takes a second to raise his own arms to return the hug, wrapping them around Dream's middle, and it feels a lot longer than it probably is, the sensation of time hanging around them while he hugs back.

George wonders if it's awkward. It doesn't *feel* awkward.

His hold loosens anyway, thinking too much about it, and it's only when they break apart that George feels like he can properly breathe. His hands hold each other while he takes a second to properly look at Dream, who seems to do the same, eyes flicking from his face to his hands to his shoes to everything in sight.

Dream doesn't stray far, hand on George's arm as he says, with emphasis, "*George.*"

"Yes," George replies, a little awkward as he takes a step back, "that's me."

Sapnap snorts next to him. "Idiot."

Dream's hand remains on him, and George steps inside.

The next four hours are a bit of a blur in recollection, a mess of Sapnap and Dream giving George a tour of the house while he tries to remember every detail. The kitchen is far bigger than he had imagined, and their bathroom towels are pink, instead of the green George predicted.

When George is shown his room, the walls are bare white but the bedsheets are blue and there's a white rug on the floor, with a new chair and desk set up already. The closet has two hoodies hung up, each, respectively, a hoodie from Sapnap and Dream's merch shop.

Both Sapnap and Dream hover close while George travels from the kitchen to his room to the bathroom, and it's never long when he's alone. It feels strange, but he thinks he likes the attention. He wonders if it'll be like this after they've grown used to him being here.

It's after a meal that had been made by Dream's mother and a quick, warm shower that George collapses into a bed and promptly passes out for the next three hours.

Despite getting adequate sleep on the plane, enough so that his neck hurts when he turns to the right, George's bones are still heavy with exhaustion, eyelids droopy as he lays in bed, and it was quick business when he had fallen asleep.

Nonetheless, when he wakes up, George can't seem to fall back asleep.

It's dark outside, his room gray and dim, and he exhales as he sits up, stretching enough to feel worn out when he slouches again. His hair is teetering on the edge of still being damp, where his head had been pressed against the pillow case, and it fluffs up when he runs a hand through it.

He gives up on having it look presentable, and gets out of bed. He's parched. He vaguely remembers where they'd shown the kitchen to be.

The hallway light is still on, a remaining night light in the dark house, and George creeps along, wincing when the stair creaks as he walks downstairs. The lower floor is without light, and he absently feels the wall for a switch, sighing in relief when he finds it.

The kitchen is easy to find after that, and it takes three tries in opening cupboards to finally find where the cups are. He takes the first one he touches, and pours himself a glass of water.

The house is startlingly quiet as he drinks. He would have expected at least one of them, besides himself, to still be awake, but there is no indication that anyone else is conscious at this godforsaken time.

There's the brush of something against his leg, and he startles as he looks down.

"Oh," George says quietly, before crouching down. "Hello."

Patches meows back, blinking owlishly, and lets herself be pet as she stays against George, tail swishing in the air while George rakes a hand through her fur. It had surprised him, how quick she was so warm up to him, chasing after his ankles while he had toured through the house.

It's a short time spent crouching in the kitchen, petting Patches until she deems to have had enough praise, and she leaves him alone again, disappearing into the dark corners of the house.

George stands up straight, and heads back up to his room, door clicking shut in the quiet air.

He looks around for the nearest outlet, having forgotten to charge his phone beforehand, and finds one next to the left side of his bed. It's a mess, trying to remember which pocket of his duffel bag he had placed his charger, but he finds it, at last, after a solid three minutes of searching.

He's halfway into bed again when there's a knock at the door.

He freezes.

"Come in," he calls warily, a little hushed for the late hour, but it's evidently loud enough when the door swings open a second after. There's a fifty-fifty chance as to who it could be. George isn't sure if he's ready for either.

The sight of Dream at his doorway is a little jarring.

"Hello," he greets as he steps in, leaning against the doorframe, a few feet between them.

George blinks. "Hi." And, although they've always been up at strange hours, he asks, "Why're you up?"

Dream shrugs, the easy rise of his shoulders, and it has him in a disarray, being able to watch such a simple gesture in real time. "I'll sleep later. Why are *you* up?"

"I just slept," George answers, crossing his legs where he sits. "I'm usually up at this time in London, anyway."

Dream nods, and maybe that's what he'd done over calls when there was no verbal response from him to George, and George would simply assume that his silence was answer enough. It's strange to imagine Dream had been giving him an answer all along.

They look at each other, eyes meeting, before Dream looks away, gaze dropping to the ground, as if giving him time to look.

And George looks, drinking in the slight curl of Dream's hair, the shape of his eyes, his cupid's bow, his nose, the slight stubble scratching the edge of his jaw. He absently wonders if Dream had shaved today.

Moments pass while George shapes out Dream's shoulders, down to the height of him and the slight slouch he has, until Dream says, "Well?"

George raises an eyebrow. "What?"

Dream smiles, almost smirks, and it infuriates him. "Do you like what you see?"

“No,” George responds immediately, shaking his head while Dream raises his eyebrows. “No, in fact, I’m disgusted. I might– I’m going to throw up.”

Dream scoffs. He crosses his arms, a doubtful expression flashing across his face, and now George realizes that he’d have to figure Dream out all over again, match up his old tells with the new ones.

Still, despite being able to see him, just a few feet away, George would have been able to tell the strange softness by just his voice when Dream says, “You’re such an idiot.”

George cracks a grin, and they both look at each other. Their stare holds, until George admits, “You don’t look like how I thought you would.”

“What– what does *that* mean,” Dream sputters, and he has a slight flush to his cheeks, as if the idea of George actually having a concept of how he looks is unpredictable. “What did you think I would look like?”

George shrugs, raising both his hands. “I don’t know. I expected you to have shorter hair, I think. And you said you had freckles.” He sends a pointed look. “You don’t.”

Dream furrows his eyebrows. “I do.”

“Well, I can’t see them,” George establishes, shrugging again, before letting his arms drop. “And you look more American than I expected.”

“I,” Dream opens his mouth, shaping out words before he settles with, “I don’t know what that means. And I *do* have freckles, they’re just– light.”

“Okay,” George says, passive, and it makes Dream frowns. He tries not to smile.

“You’re an idiot,” he says again, and when George raises both eyebrows, he flushes even darker. “Shut up.”

Dream blushes easily. He doesn’t know why it seems so surprising, when his voice has always been expressive, no need for a face when George can already tell an array of emotions from a tilt in Dream’s voice. Or maybe they just spend too much time together.

“Nice comeback,” George grins, and Dream doesn’t respond, shaking his head. He keeps staring.

It makes him nervous, how much Dream keeps staring at him. He had stared when George first stepped into his house, and kept staring, through them going through each room of the house and through a late dinner and through them departing so George could get some rest.

Even now, he keeps staring, doesn’t look away even when George looks up to the ceiling, and glances back to find him still looking. He almost feels scrutinized, placed on the spot while Dream seems to be memorizing every detail of George to memory.

George doesn’t know why it feels so much more overwhelming, especially when he’s streamed to over thousands of people. Maybe because he has to gauge Dream’s live reaction, the crease of his eyebrows as he traces down George’s cheek, the corner of his lips turning upward when George says, “This is weird.”

“What’s weird?” Dream questions, but he stops staring so intensely, instead looking up to meet his eyes. George feels like he can breathe again, if only shallowly.

“I don’t know,” George replies, and places his hands in his lap. “It’s, like, three a.m. already.”

“We’ve talked at three in the morning together,” he points out. Dream straightens as he says so, uncrossing his arms to tuck his hands into the pockets of his sweatpants, and he looks so much taller, suddenly. “Are you tired?”

George absently chews on the inner of his cheek. “I’m not.” He catches Dream’s eye. “What?”

“Don’t you want to know what I think?” He questions, tilting his head.

“What? About how I look?” Dream nods, and George furrows his eyebrows. “You’ve already seen me.”

Dream shrugs. “People always look different in person.”

George couldn’t disagree, but it was still strange to think he looks different now than he had before. It makes him nervous, almost. “I guess. How do I look, then?”

Dream makes a considering noise, pressing his lips together. “Well. You’re not as pale. You’re smaller than I thought, too.”

George’s mouth falls open. “I’m not— *small*, what? Why would you say that?” It can’t be helped when Dream chuckles, fully laughs when George exclaims, “What? Stop laughing!”

Dream raises a hand to his face, rubbing at his cheek as his laughing ceases. “It’s true.”

“It’s not,” George denies, and he hopes his cheeks aren’t as pink as they feel. “Dumbass.”

Dream ignores him. “Other than that, you’re not too different, I don’t think. I feel like you’re more nervous now. Reserved.”

George rolls his eyes. “I’m not nervous.”

Dream raises an eyebrow. “You’re so defensive. It’s okay to be nervous, George. I’d be nervous if I was meeting the love of my life, too.”

“You’re not my— what?” George scoffs, shaking his head as Dream grins. “You’re so strange.”

Maybe it was the sudden reality of it, of them being face to face, but George hadn’t expected Dream to act the exact same. He feels a little off-kilter in comparison, and Dream was right, he supposes. Perhaps George was nervous.

“If I’m strange, then you’re nervous,” Dream resolves, as if it were a rational conclusion, and then adds, “*and* you’ve got a girlfriend.”

“I don’t have a girlfriend,” George shakes his head, and tries to let his smile drop. His cheeks hurt, just a little. “What is this bit you’re doing?”

“There is no bit,” Dream insists, watching with careful eyes as George involuntarily yawns. “You’re tired,” he says, this time a statement.

George swipes at his mouth. “No. Maybe.” He considers. “Kind of,” he admits.

“Okay.” Dream leans off the doorframe. “I’ll let you, um, sleep. I’ll be— in my room, if you need anything.” He pauses, opening his mouth, before he closes it. “Bye. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight,” George trails, and the door closes.

It's slow learning, living with two people he's never met before.

Perhaps it's only stranger because George knows more about Dream and Sapnap than he should for a man who hasn't spent more than ten minutes in a room with them, but it feels like an entirely new aspect of his friends that George is learning that he should have known all along.

George is glad he hasn't had any doubts before moving here, because it would have absolutely driven him away before his visa had ever gotten approved. Maybe it's for the best, because the fear of him learning his friends all over again, only to find they're so much different than what he had known is more terrifying than he would ever like to think about.

But these fears are a tad irrational, he knows. These are his friends. His *homies*, even. He's yet to even spend a proper week with them, it's far too early to consider these things, and living with them is still startling.

Seeing both of them so easily, so naturally, predictably in mundane life is somewhat unsettling. Walking into the living room and seeing Dream laying on the couch is more bizarre than he'd like to admit.

"What're you watching?"

Dream looks up from where he had been staring at his phone, head on the arm of the couch and something playing on the television all the while. He blinks twice as George walks in, mug full of juice and looking for somewhere to sit.

Dream pulls up his legs, knees pulled to his chest, and George takes it as his cue to sit next to him.

"Some anime that Sapnap was watching," he answers, clicking off his phone and letting it sit on his chest, before it slides down and onto his lap. "He left, like, ten minutes ago. I think he forgot to come back and turn it off."

George takes a sip of his juice. "Wow. Forget-nap."

Dream snorts from where he sits, struggling to sit up with his knees so close, until he gives up and remains laying down. They both watch as a character on the screen is chased by a giant, before being crushed alive. They wince.

"I was wondering," Dream begins, and George turns to look at him, finding Dream to be looking at him already, "if, for dinner, you wanted to try out this place me and Sapnap get all the time? We can't, like, *go* there because, you know," he gestures with his hands, and George's lips quirk upward, "but we could order in?"

"Okay," he easily agrees. George watches as Dream nods to himself, shoulders deflating as he sighs. He raises an eyebrow. "What, were you scared I was going to say no or something?"

"No," he mumbles, sheepish, and George laughs.

Dinner arrives an hour later, television alight with some sort of sit-com that George doesn't remember the title of, and coffee table scattered with paper plates and takeout containers.



The living room is with warm lighting and warm chatter, all three of them seated on the floor with a comfortable rug underneath them, drinks beside them and food in front of them. George ducks as Sarnap throws a ketchup packet at Dream.

“What is *wrong* with you? *Anchovies?* On *pizza?* You *freak*.”

“I’m not a *freak*! It’s not that weird,” Dream protests, grease on his lips and eyes shining underneath the overhead light, a slight grin when Sarnap chucks another condiment at his head, and bounces off the table. “It’s a common topping!”

“Yeah, so are fucking *strawberries*,” Sarnap argues, shoving a spoonful of rice into his mouth. “Doesn’t make it any less weird.”

Dream wrinkles his nose. “No one eats strawberries on pizza.”

George looks up from his plate, fork in hand. “Yeah, they do,” he says, “it’s the same thing as pineapple.”

“Pineapple is different,” Dream tries, and isn’t able to dodge when two hot sauce pockets are thrown his way.

Dinner is rowdy, if only for the bubbling excitement under all of their skins, too eager for their first, proper shared dinner together. They’ve eaten on call together before, of course, but it wasn’t the same as being able to see in real time as Sarnap accidentally chokes on a spoonful of rice from laughing too hard.

“Oh my God, he’s dying,” George comments, making no move to help while Sarnap keeps coughing, leaning to the side until he’s laying on the floor. “I hope you’ve included me in your will.”

“When I die,” Sarnap wheezes out, “I’m making sure neither of you get any of my stuff.” He coughs again.

Dream pauses where he swirls noodles onto his fork, frowning. “What? Why me? What did I do?”

Sarnap heaves in a breath, and sits up, straightening his shoulders. He clears his throat. “Dude, if I left all of my stuff to you, George would just have to ask for it and you’d let him have it all. I can’t have him win like that.”

“I wouldn’t give it to him,” Dream protests, frown deepening.

George ignores him. “You’re dead, Sarnap. You would lose either way.”

“That’s not true,” Sarnap denies, “I’ll come back to haunt you. I’ll steal all your socks.”

“Leave my socks alone,” George says, and tosses another condiment packet at him.

The irrationality of his fears are only emphasized now. George knows it’s a little ridiculous, to have thought the three of them to act any different, whether or not they had an ocean between them.

Perhaps it’s his own fault, thinking up these ideas. George has never done well with too much time to think. Living with Sarnap and Dream would do him some good, maybe, with much more company to be offered.

It’s only four days after arriving in Florida, and George already feels his fears lessen. He’s got

nothing to fear, living with these idiots.

“Do you dare me to chug this?” Sapnap says, hot sauce bottle in hand.

“Don’t be dumb,” Dream groans, and George nods, “Do it, do it.”

These are the same people from before, after all.

There are things George learns since arriving.

For one, Dream is much more easily persuaded in person than he had been over call; it takes less than a few tries of asking to go to the store together that he gives in, standing idly by the shopping cart while George throws in as many snacks as he sees. It only takes the strongest will not to use this to his advantage.

Sapnap is unnaturally afraid of waking Dream up. George has yet to figure out why.

Dream consumes barely any fruit. All the apples are eaten by George and Sapnap, and George thinks that if they replaced all the fruits and vegetables with only red meat, Dream wouldn’t notice.

Sapnap and Dream do not come out of their rooms very often unless prompted as well, and the only time they wander through the halls and spend more than five minutes outside of their rooms is for dinner. George has no clue how they stand to only stay in their rooms when there is an entire house to dwell in.

Dream’s mother is prone to arriving without a warning.

Sapnap eats his breakfast quickly and retreats back to his room immediately. Dream sometimes takes his breakfast to his room to work while he eats. Both of them stay if George is already eating at the table. Dream will come back out if George asks him to.

Sapnap likes to sleep in his underwear, and is, unfortunately, too lazy to put anything on when fetching for food at four a.m. George considers staying hungry after the third time they bump into each other. Dream claims to not have come across any of these instances.

Sapnap leaves the house without informing anyone. Dream is as observant as a lampshade.

None of them are morning people.

Dream says *I love you* a lot.

“Why doesn’t she just run faster,” Sapnap points out while the three of them watch as the woman on the screen scrambles to get away from the brutal murderer a few steps behind her.

Dream rolls his eyes, his shoulder against George’s. “She’s wearing *heels*, Sapnap. Obviously, she isn’t going to be the fastest.”

“Okay, well,” Sapnap crosses his arms, “I could probably run faster than her in those.”

“Really,” Dream questions flatly, turning to look at him with eyebrows raised. “You think you

could run faster in heels while being chased by a murderer and with a stab wound on your right side?”

Sapnap presses his lips together, silent for a long time, before opening his mouth.

“Yes.”

It’s nearing midnight, and the two of them sit in the living room, a low-rated horror movie playing between them. Despite neither of them being the biggest fan of scary-related things, it had been Sapnap’s turn to choose the movie, and, after some convincing, they were now watching *Thursday the Twelfth*.

In all clarity, it is maybe the worst movie George has seen in his many years of living, but that is neither here nor there. It is nowhere, really, when Dream seems to be sinking deeper into George’s side, their ribs melting together and some sort of fire where their thighs touch.

George, unsurprisingly, is unable to focus on anything besides the man next to him, but it isn’t his fault when Dream seems to find a home in the right side of George’s ribcage.

Granted, it’s nearing midnight, and George is half sure that Dream hadn’t slept last night. Even so, George has no idea what to do with himself, careful not to freeze up like he usually does.

It’s sometime later that he and Sapnap rate the acting of each character, quiet voices while Dream slowly delves deeper into sleepiness. With only twenty-five minutes left of the movie, Dream suddenly opens his eyes and stands up.

The two of them look up at him while he rubs his eyes, talking through a yawn, “I’m going to bed. You guys can keep watching without me.”

“Okay,” George replies, and Sapnap nods, turning back to the movie.

Dream trudges out of the room as he mutters, loud enough for them to hear, “Goodnight. Love you.”

“Love you, too,” Sapnap says easily, “goodnight.”

“Goodnight,” George responds, his right side suddenly cold, and it’s glaringly obvious, his lack of reciprocation, but Dream doesn’t look back, turning and disappearing into the hallway.

When he looks over to Sapnap, he looks unbothered, as if it was an often occurrence, and maybe it was, yet George feels so painfully awkward, hands settling on his lap, and he chews on his lower lip.

George clears his throat, Sapnap paying him no mind, and forces himself to focus on the movie.

He’s only glad Dream hadn’t waited for him to say it back.

George is not so lucky the next time.

It’s nine a.m. when, miraculously, all three occupants of the Dream Team household are awake at the same time, sunny and bright out when Sapnap opens the front door, hoodie tugged on and Dream following behind him.

“Are you sure you don’t want to come with us?” Dream questions one last time, bending down to

pick up a shoe.

George nods. "I've already gotten the American grocery shopping experience already, and I don't want to get dressed."

He can feel it when Dream gives him a lookover. "You look fine like this."

George shrugs, hoping to God that he isn't turning pink. "Whatever." George returns to his phone. "Remember to buy another carton of apple juice. Eggs, too."

"Yeah, yeah," Sapnap rolls his eyes, shaking his head, with a hand on the doorknob. "I already wrote down your stupid list."

George doesn't look up from his phone when he replies, "It's not stupid."

"Whatever you say." Sapnap swings open the door, stepping out the door. "Bye, kitten, don't die while we're gone."

"Don't call me that," George sputters, involuntarily glancing up as Sapnap disappears from view. Dream chuckles from where he lingers at the doorway. "Dumbass."

It's silent while Dream ties up his shoes, leaning over to glance in a hallway mirror to fix his hair. "Alright, I'm going. Text us if you need anything else."

"Okay," George says, wincing as he finds a message he hadn't responded to in over a month. He's quick as he writes a response.

Dream has half his body already out the door, and he calls out with his head peaking in, "Bye, I love you, don't set the house on fire or something!"

George's fingers pause as he looks up, and Dream seems to be waiting for a response. "Okay, bye."

This does not seem to be satisfactory when Dream still waits at the door, eyebrows furrowed while he gives George an expectant look. They stare at each other.

"What?"

"Aren't you going to say it back?" Dream questions, looking a little put out.

George blinks. "Say what back?"

"I love you, too, Dream'," Dream recites, and watches George press his lips together.

"No," he resolves to say. "Bye." George attempts a futile try to go back to his phone, until Dream lets out a drawn out groan, and he looks up again. "What?"

"George," Dream draws out, "you have to say it back."

George frowns. "No, I don't."

"Yes," Dream frowns back, "you do. What if I die on my way to the grocery store? You'll have to live with the fact you never said *I love you* back to me."

"I'm fine with that," George answers, and slouches down the sofa as Dream does not seem to budge. "Dream, please."

“No, *you*, please,” he says, and his frown doesn’t move. “George, come on.”

“Go away,” George huffs. “I’m not saying it.”

Silence follows while they stare at each other, both a little pink in the face, and Dream’s shoulders fall. “*George*,” he says, and it sounds too serious for the situation, as if he was really nearing upset, and George feels too cut open.

Dream continues to frown, and George groans, long and pained and full of agony, until, finally, he sighs.

“Fine. *Fine*, fine, I,” he begins, and the words make his mouth go dry, but Dream’s face looks hopeful, on the edge of freefalling, and George says, “I– love you.” Dream grins bright and unashamed where he stands, and he looks like he’s about to run over and hug him, but then the car horn honks and they both jump.

“I love you *too*, George,” Dream coos.

George glares at him. “I want you gone.”

Dream laughs as he shuts the door, and it’s silent as George is now left alone, the sound of the car leaving the driveway coming right after, and he feels strangely frozen where he sits, suddenly immobile with his phone in his left hand.

Maybe it was just because it was the first time Dream has said *I love you* to his face personally, meant for him and only him, or the fact that Dream had, to a degree, forced him to say it back, but now George isn’t quite sure what to do with himself.

He’s in an array now, bits of him cut open and now revealed for anyone to see. George doesn’t like saying these sort of things out loud. It always feels too vulnerable, too close to giving up for his liking.

He doesn’t like saying *I love you*.

Now he’s sat on the sofa, a little clueless with what to do with himself, and the air feels awfully full from where Dream had left him. He feels warm all over, and it’s embarrassing, it has to be, even if there’s no one besides the blank television and a shut door to witness the flush crawling up his neck.

It’s a struggle to return to his phone afterwards.

Before arriving in Florida, George had known Sapnap would be touchy.

He’d seen it, when he and Karl would meet up and stream, the way Karl’s clinginess and physical affection had eventually seeped into Sapnap, until he had begun to do the same.

George prepared himself.

He has never been the best with these things; he had been compliant but jumpy when Wilbur manhandled him from time to time and patted his head, or when Quackity and he would pretend-fight each other or punch each other on the arm or the times Quackity would attempt to place an arm around George’s shoulder, and George would wriggle away and try to fist fight Quackity

again.

So, when he had learned of Sapnap's touchiness, he knew to prepare himself. He had expected this, when Sapnap throws an arm around him and drags him close, or sits close enough to have their legs touch, or holds his hand when they go grocery shopping for the first time.

George allows himself some credit, just to say he's been dealing with Sapnap's impromptu hugs Pretty Well. He doesn't jump or startle. Anymore.

What George has not been dealing well with, however, is Dream.

*Dream*, because, unlike Sapnap, George did not get any sort of warning when he found out that Dream had no qualms with randomly grabbing onto George. He gives George no warning, every time he holds George by the shoulders and steers him around in a Publix, or sits so close their thighs press together.

After the entire deal of forcing an *I love you* from out of his mouth, Dream hasn't done it again, content with no response when he says it himself. Instead, in the replacement of coercing a reply from George, he has now seemed to have decided to suffocate George with physical affection.

It's again when Dream crowds close to George, who only wanted a slice of warm toast to go along with his butter, but instead now deals with a six-foot-three *giant* who has no concept of personal space nearly pressing him against the counter.

"Um," George blinks. "Good morning."

"Morning," Dream mumbles, voice ridden with unuse, and he leans over for a bowl. "Is Sapnap up yet?"

George nods. "He already had breakfast. I think he's on a call with Quackity, right now."

"Oh." Dream moves away, and the toast pops up. George jumps. "Do we have any plans today?"

*We*, he says, and it feels more real now, even if Dream has said it several times with an ocean between them. "I don't think so. Karl has a stream planned tomorrow, though. He wants us to join." Dream passes the refrigerator, opening it to pass George the butter. "Thanks."

Dream digs out a gallon of milk. "Are you going to join?"

George shrugs, but it's unseen when Dream is turned away, cereal box in hand. "Yeah. Tina and Foolish are going to be there, too, I think. Golf with friends."

Dream hums in response, shuffling to grab a spoon and place the milk back into the fridge. "Okay."

George carries his toast and butter to the table, and takes a seat, butter knife in hand. He focuses on carefully spreading his butter, light crumbs falling onto his plate, and he frowns when he gets butter on his thumb.

He takes a bite of his buttered toast, chewing while he shuts the butter container, and places down his butter knife.

Dream takes a seat in the chair next to him. He scoots close enough to have their elbows bump. George focuses on his toast, or else he thinks he might fade out of existence.

They eat in silence, with the company of George's crunching and the clink of a spoon. It's peaceful, similar to the sort of thing they used to do before, except this time George can feel the warmth radiating from the other man, could reach out if he wanted, can hear Sapnap yell despite being all the way in his room.

He's on autopilot as he eats, chewing his way through his slice of toast while Dream shovels cereal into his mouth. Neither of them speak, but George has more than half his mind on the other man anyway, buzzing with thought from just the simple fact that Dream is less than a few inches away.

If he reached out, he could probably grab onto Dream. Dream probably wouldn't even blink at it.

George furrows his eyebrows at the thought. He's never been the type to be touchy, and especially not out of his own volition. He has no idea why his mind had even suggested the idea.

But if he wanted to, George could simply outstretch a hand. Lean into him. Dream would allow it, right?

George allows no chance to even contemplate it, abruptly standing up to clean his plate, and quickly walks out of the kitchen, Dream still at the table.

He has no idea where the thought came from.

Unfortunately, the thought sticks to him like a parasite.

George refuses to feed into it, to even entertain it for a second longer when it sprouts into his mind and tempts to *sit closer to him, he wouldn't mind*.

George has never been the most affectionate, physically or otherwise, and he wasn't going to start now, and especially not with his best friend, who does not cease in his flirting and chasing despite now being face to face. George has no clue as to why the sudden urge to seek physical affection had come from.

He blames it on Dream.

It must be his fault, like many things are, and Dream would take the fall for him if George had requested him to do so. It's his fault, when he had decided to *ambush* George and give him fleeting touches, so much different from where Sapnap throws a bold arm around his shoulders and brings him close.

*No*, instead, Dream presses his fingertips against George's side and immediately retreats. He offers no friendliness. He offers disaster. Catastrophe. The want for more.

George ignores it all, like he does with most things.

This is difficult, however, when they're best friends, and especially so when Sapnap is too busy playing Valorant with Punz and Foolish on stream to offer him sufficient company and attention.

Dream, of course, is not busy playing Valorant. Mostly because Dream does not know how to play most things aside from Minecraft.

And now, on this Thursday afternoon, George lays on Dream's bed as the other man scrolls through his phone, slouched in his chair with his legs propped up against the foot of the bed.

There's some sort of audio that plays for six seconds, before looping, and Dream exhales a light laugh before saying, "Look at what I sent you."

It, like the past eight, is a TikTok, and George watches it mindlessly before exhaling the same half-hearted laugh.

It's the sort of thing they'd do on call months ago, no real point in calling except for each other's company, and it's the same now, except so much stranger because Dream is just a few feet away and George can look up and watch him huff in amusement as another video catches his eye.

It's off-putting because, despite having exchanged less than a few words with each other, George likes it more than he'd like to admit when it's only just him hanging around in Dream's room for a few hours on end.

The *hours* part goes unnoticed by the both of them, as eight p.m. suddenly clicks to one a.m., and Sapnap has ended his stream long ago and they've been in Dream's room together for five hours, time having gone by so fast.

George only realizes when Dream yawns, loud and obvious and dramatic, and he looks up from his phone to see Dream stretch, arms over his head and tilting back into his chair.

"What? Are you tired?" George asks, despite it being obvious, and Dream gets up from his seat.

"Yes, actually, I am," he answers, trudging over to the bed, tucking his phone into his hoodie's pocket. He looms over George, next to the edge of the bed and looking down. "Move."

George presses his lips together, stubborn and looking for trouble. "No."

They both stare at each other, before Dream sighs.

He spares no mercy when he falls over and directly onto George.

"Oh my— *God*, get off, you *oaf*," George groans, struggling while Dream laughs, loud and bright and it makes George squirm even more. "You're so heavy, get *off*."

Dream hums in consideration, and says, "Only if you say please."

There is a pause. "I'll scream. I'll scream right into your ear, and you're going to be deaf for the rest of eternity."

Dream adjusts himself, and meets his eyes. "You wouldn't."

Silence, until George inhales deep, opens his mouth, and Dream yelps as he scrambles to get off.

"Okay, *okay*, you—"

George exhales as he laughs, scooting away as Dream rolls over and next to George, thighs pressed together and arms overlapping. He feels overly warm, enveloped by the sun while they both catch their breaths.

"You're so stupid," George says after his breathing has calmed down, and he feels it when Dream chuckles. His shoulder rubs against George's, and his breath hits his hair, and Dream turns and suddenly he's so much closer. George almost wants to make a run for it.

"How am I stupid? You couldn't— you were about to ruin my eardrums a second ago!"



“*You* were the one who fell on top of me! I was about to die. You’re a murderer,” George argues, feeling warm all over.

Dream huffs. “You’re so dramatic. I didn’t *actually* kill you.”

George rolls his eyes, and scoots away, a little nervous at the fact he couldn’t quite tell where his own limbs were, but it’s not a long-lasting separation when Dream hooks an arm around him and drags him even closer, George’s face close to pressing into his chest.

“What the hell,” George says blankly, and the entirety of Dream shakes when he laughs again, head dipping low as he sucks in a breath. He’s so close, and George almost can’t breathe.

His hand twitches where it’s pressed between them, and he curls his fingers into his palms. Dream plucks his fingers away, slotting his own hand against George, warm palm against warm palm. George keeps his eyes open, just in case he closes them and awakens alone.

Dream pulls him enough for their knees to bump. He has a hand pressed against George’s ribcage, and it’s as if he’s pushing, pushing hard enough to bypass his bones and wrap his pushing fingers into George’s heart. It’d be a painful thing, if he were to do so. George would let it happen anyway.

“I would’ve expected you to run away already.” Dream’s voice is everywhere, he’s everywhere, through the slight rumble in his chest against George’s face, puffs of air hitting George’s hair where Dream’s face is surely just a few centimeters away from it.

George tries to shrug. It doesn’t work out as well as he wished. “I’ve been getting used to it. Sapnap has been, like, conditioning me to be okay with it.”

“You do this with Sapnap, too?” It’s a quiet question, and George remembers Dream’s strange jealousy streak when pertaining to anything he likes. He must’ve imagined the slight tightening of the arm around him when Dream adds in a crooning, high voice, “Without *me*?”

“Shut up,” George groans. Dream giggles, and George can feel it in his own chest. “I didn’t realize how clingy you would be in real life.”

“Well,” Dream says, “I just like holding you. And I’m going to force you to like me holding you.” George exhales deep, and doesn’t respond. When it becomes silent, Dream slowly adds, “You don’t– actually mind, right?”

“No,” George mutters, but it feels loud. “I wouldn’t let you hold me if I did.”

Dream nods, the sound of his hair rubbing against the pillowcase following. “Okay. I was just making sure.”

“Okay,” George echoes, and he can feel it when Dream smiles, pressing his face into George’s hair.

“Okay,” Dream repeats again. There’s a pause as he says, “This is like that one book. The one by John Green.”

“Where one of them *dies* at the end?” George asks incredulously, and shoves Dream away as the other man laughs. “Idiot. I hope it’s you.”

“No, you don’t,” Dream barely breathes out, letting himself get pushed away. “You like me too much.”

“Dumbass,” George mumbles, but they’re both grinning, and it’s happy.

And, afterwards, it’s as if Dream has gotten the green light on his actions, because now, he’s increased it all exponentially.

He acts with no repercussions, when he snakes an arm around George’s middle to push them close together in the kitchen, or when they sit together on the sofa, or when George is within three feet of him.

It leaves him scrambled, too warm and off-guard and he doesn’t know what to do with his hands half the time. Dream thinks too little of it all.

Or perhaps George thinks too much of it.

It’s nothing George could be blamed for. He has nothing else to do except spiral when Dream holds him so firmly, says his name too much, or insinuates too many things in their friendship, or when, sometimes, George gives him a passing glance, only to find Dream already looking back, with a look George refuses to think about too much.

It’s confusing. And George would rather jump off a cliff than ask Dream about it. That would be making it too weird. Dream would laugh at him, probably.

That isn’t true. Dream would worry he overstepped, explain to him that they’re *just friends*, and *then* laugh at him.

Not that George wants to be more than friends, because he doesn’t. It’d be weird to date Dream, because they’re friends. It’s not as if much would change between them, but it would be weird, because it simply would be. Dream doesn’t like him like that.

And it’s fine. He’s fine.

He is perfectly happy with the situation they’re in.

But he’s a little obvious, when it comes to his overthinking.

“Let’s, like, do a bet,” Dream proposes, setting up his chess pieces as George picks up his own.

George doesn’t pause as he places down a rook. “Depends. What’s the bet?”

“I don’t know.” There’s a pause, as both of them think, before Dream says, “Winner gets a kiss from the loser.”

George inhales too sharply, coughing as he breathes out an alarmed, “*What?*” Dream keeps laughing from the other side of the board, leaning back when George keeps coughing. “What is wrong with you?”

It’s a question that goes unanswered as they keep setting up the pieces, but maybe the slight shake in George’s hand as he lines up his pawns is obvious, because Dream asks, “Why’re you so nervous?”

George rolls his eyes. “I’m not nervous.”

Silence trails after, and it's quiet, until Dream questions, "You would tell me if I made you uncomfortable or something, right?"

"Yes, obviously," George answers, because it is obvious. They have always been blunt with each other, quite unhesitant to step too close to lines, with a thorough push backwards if they went too far. "Why?"

Dream shrugs. "I don't know. You always get, like, nervous, now. Whenever I make jokes like that."

"Oh. Well," George refuses to meet his prying eyes, "I'm not nervous."

"You seem like it."

"I'm not," he says, and it's certain this time, firm.

"Okay." The board is set up now. Neither of them mention it. "Then why do you—?"

"I don't know." George lets his hands fall to his lap, tugging on his fingers. He doesn't know why it feels so serious, all of a sudden. "You just make it seem really easy." Someone needs to shut him up.

"Make what seem easy?" Dream asks, genuine confusion in his voice, as if he doesn't know, and George knows he's overthinking it, but this was a confirmation that he had wanted.

"What you do, whenever you, like," he gestures absently, "I don't know. It's— weird."

It doesn't answer anything, yet Dream, patient, says, "Okay."

"Like when you just, I don't know, it's just," he groans, breathing in deep, and exhaling impatiently. "I know I'm overthinking things."

"Sure," Dream says, neither disagreeing or agreeing, and waits. "What things?"

"Things. When you make us get all close, or like— like *now*, when you say things like that," George spills, and he ignores the urge to get up and leave, because he's on a roll now, and he's not sure when he'll ever speak like this again.

"Is it, like, bad? When I do that?" Dream asks, and now he sounds nervous, and George kind of wants to laugh at the irony of it, and he shakes his head.

"No. I don't know." George tugs at his own hands. "I don't know. It feels like I can't breathe, sometimes."

"Oh. Do you," Dream begins, and when George looks up, he sees him swallow, Adam's apple bobbing, "do you want space?"

George frowns. "Did I ask for space?"

Dream blinks. "No?"

"Well, then," George gestures again, clearing his throat. "Can we play now?"

It's silent, but the air is full as George moves his white horse, and there's the innate need to speak again, spill another dark secret, and he's never liked this, saying things that are meant to be hidden away, yet once he's begun, it's difficult to stop.

“I’m not nervous,” George says again, just to make sure. “Just so you know.”

“Okay,” Dream replies. After a beat, he adds, “I’m not either.”

“Good to know,” George mutters, and Dream’s smile is not missed by him.

Despite not asking for space, George finds it anyway.

The next three days aren’t distant to a stranger, yet George feels cold, Dream still close, but just a little too far.

Maybe George has grown clingy now. Maybe that’s been Dream’s master plan all along, to string him along and make him comfortable, and then move away just enough for George to come crawling back.

But George won’t. He refuses to crawl. He has more dignity than that.

Sunday finds him in the kitchen again, lunch time, and it’s only dinner that they regularly have together, the rest of the meal times free reign to spend alone. George walks into the kitchen at two p.m., and is on his own as he heats up the food from last night.

He’s pulling out a glass to fill with juice when Dream enters, looking like he’d just woken up, and maybe he has. His hair is pointing every way, and George almost wants to reach out and pat it down.

He restrains from doing so, and instead takes a seat at the table.

It’s just a moment later that Dream joins him, and there is no conversation as they dine on their own respective foods. Dream sits across the table, unusually far away and careful to keep his eyes on his plate.

George frowns.

“Why are you so far away?”

Dream looks like a deer in headlights as he looks up, fork halfway to his mouth and mouth open. He closes it. “I’m, like, two seats away, George.”

“No,” George says, putting down his spoon, “you usually sit right next to me.”

Dream seems red-handed when he responds, “I don’t know. I thought it would be better if I sat here.”

George furrows his eyebrows. “What? Why?”

Dream opens his mouth, and then closes it, looking vaguely like a fish. “I don’t know.”

“Stop being an idiot,” George decides, and goes back to his plate. Dream looks as though he has more to say, but it falls flat as there is no more conversation.

The rest of lunch is spent silently.

George's sudden ambush had done something, evidently, as the space was removed, as if it had never been there in the first place.

It's later in the day that Dream suggests George should kiss him, and it has him off-guard for only a moment before George pushes him off the sofa. Afterwards, there is no space, and George is glad. The slight distance had been cold.

George refuses to let himself get so shaky, now. He doesn't know what to think of it all, so he doesn't think at all.

Nighttime arrives slowly, and George arrives at Dream's room with his laptop in hand and a movie pulled up. Although he was eighty percent sure Dream was editing, Sapnap is away visiting Punz, and George is bored.

George has never liked being unentertained for too long, and now he stands in front of Dream's room, knocking once before barging in.

"Watch this movie with me," he demands immediately, just as Dream pulls off his headphones and looks up at him.

He glances between his screen, evident of him being productive, and back to George. "Right now?"

"Yes," George stays unmoving in front of him, and waits. It's proved successful as Dream sighs and places down his headphones, getting up from his seat, and they both move to his bed.

The night grows darker as the movie continues, and it's entertaining enough, where they're both somewhat interested and half a guise for scooting in close, in order to see the screen of the laptop well between them.

It's similar to earlier occurrences when Dream pulls George close again, an arm around his, and it's warm and George is warm and comfortable and slightly growing sleepy.

He yawns for the third time, and the credits are finally rolling when he moves to get up.

Dream is frowning when he looks up, a hand keeping him in place. "Where are you going?"

"My bed," George says, interrupted by another yawn, and he raises his arms into a stretch.

"Why don't you just sleep with me?" Dream questions, and George raises his eyebrows. It's a delight when Dream's cheeks flush red. "Okay, not— not like *that*, you idiot. I meant, like, just sleeping here."

"Because," George tries to reason, "that's weird, Dream."

"No, it's not," he immediately denies, arm somehow wrapping itself tighter around George's middle. "Have you never cuddled with the homies? It's not weird. Not unless you make it weird." When George doesn't respond, Dream pokes at him with a hand. "Don't make it weird."

"I wasn't going to make it weird, you weirdo," George groans, still a smile on his face as Dream laughs, light and easy.

"How am *I* the weirdo?" Dream whines, turning his body into him, and neither of them are

particularly focusing on the movie anymore, laptop tipped over and to the side, screen facing away.

“Because you’re weird.” It’s simple, really, and George tries to squirm away when Dream only pulls him closer. “Let *go*, you— you *weirdo*.”

“Stop calling me a weirdo,” Dream complains, hold unwavering.

George inhales deeply, unrelenting in his struggle. “Will you let go if I do?”

A pause.

“Maybe.”

George sighs. “Fine. *Fine*. You’re,” he pauses for extra effect, and Dream makes an impatient noise, “not a weirdo.” Dream cheers against him, and he tries to wriggle away. “Now let *go*.”

This seems to have been a set-up when Dream does not let go, instead bringing George even closer and burying his face into his hair, with half-hearted, muffled cheering, and he’s so much closer, louder when his face is above George.

There’s a hand that comes up to press against his shoulder, thumb pressing into George’s collarbone, and it’s warm and it’s personal and George isn’t quite sure what to do with himself while Dream is so close, ongoing as his hands seem to keep searching for more of George to steal.

“This was a scam,” George announces, diverting his thoughts away from wherever they were leading to. “You still haven’t let go.”

His wriggling is more of an inconvenience than an actual fight, no use in trying to escape when Dream has no intentions of letting go, and it’s clear as he says, “Just let me hold you, you idiot.”

It’s strange, how easily it has George stop, limp in Dream’s arms as he pushes George against him, enough that George’s nose brushes against his neck. Dream doesn’t seem to mind, and George doesn’t think he could move away if he tried.

And, despite himself, George can admit that, if he ignores his thundering rabbit heart and nervous hands, this was kind of nice. Pleasant, really, if he focuses on Dream’s pressing hands, steady chest and steady breathing, puffs of air into his hair.

George doesn’t let himself focus on any of this.

“Dream,” he whispers, quiet for some reason, and Dream lets out a noise of acknowledgement, “I need to go back to my own bed.”

“Shut up,” he whispers back.

“No,” George replies smartly, hushed, and he can feel his eyelids drooping, tiredness wearing at him, and, for once, his mind is empty when he sinks deeper into Dream’s side. He forces himself to focus on anything else, nervousness climbing up his spine, but if he pretends it isn’t there, maybe it would all go away.

George forces his eyes open when he hears Dream mumble something. “What?”

“I’m— going to do something,” he warns.

George squints at him. “Okay.”

Dream is slow when he leans in, and half of George goes into overdrive at how close he is, how he can feel his breath on his cheek, and now he's awake and somewhat sure that Dream is aiming for his lips when he kisses him on the cheek.

George can feel his face flush dark when he opens his mouth. He's at a loss as to what to say.

"What?"

Dream stares back. "What?"

"You just kissed me," George says, more calm than he should be, yet he's tired, and this isn't so bad, having his cheek kissed by Dream while being held by him. There's not much to be mad about.

"No," Dream denies, "I kissed your *cheek*."

"Oh," George replies a little dumbly, before frowning. "Same difference, idiot."

"No, it's not," Dream rolls his eyes, before leaning in again. George forces himself to breathe when Dream's lips brush against his jaw. "I kissed your face. Not you."

"That's not how that works," George points out.

"Yes it is," he says, and, as if he's proving a point, he kisses his lower jaw again, between his neck, and his lips stay there for a second, long enough for it to process, before moving away.

George knows he should say something, should definitely protest as Dream presses more kisses alongside his jaw, but it's nice, and he's tired, and he likes having Dream so close.

Dream doesn't seem unperturbed by George's silence, instead inching lower, lips brushing against the skin of his neck, and George should say something, anything, but his throat goes dry when Dream kisses his Adam's apple.

George feels warm all over, shaky with his hands, and he can't find it in him to protest as Dream kisses his neck again, bringing up a firm hand to tilt George's face upward, and he couldn't bring himself to move even if he tried.

He can feel his heart still while Dream stays close to his skin, lips brushing over his neck as Dream brings his mouth up, upward to his jaw again, barely touching George before he properly plants a kiss on his cheek again. George sucks in a breath, obvious and unsubtle, and he can feel Dream smile against him.

A thumb is placed on his chin, and Dream tilts his face downward again, until they're face to face and eye to eye. George absentmindedly bites at his lower lip. Dream watches it with rapt attention.

"George," Dream says, casual, like it means nothing at all, "let me kiss you."

The request has him slightly dizzy, but he pushes it all aside to spur forward. "You already did, idiot."

"Not properly," Dream protests, fingers still against George's jaw. "Let me kiss you *properly*."

George makes a face, and it makes Dream laugh, just a few inches away from his own face. Maybe it was a bad idea, laying in the same bed with a man who wants to kiss him. "Why?"

"I want to," Dream shrugs, and perhaps that's reason enough to a normal person.

George squints at him. "That's it?"

Dream scoots closer, and George lets it happen, unmoving where he lays. "I mean, yeah. I also like you, I guess."

"You *guess*?" George squawks, batting him away when Dream leans him, giggling. "Stay away from me, you don't even know if you like me for sure!" His attempts are futile, it seems, as Dream only tugs him closer, waists bumping.

"I'm trying not to scare you away," Dream tells him, quiet and honest.

"You're not going to scare me away," George scoffs, bringing a hand to push at him, but Dream links their fingers instead, and George lets it happen. Their palms press together, warm and steady.

"George," Dream says, so close, "let me kiss you. Properly."

George chews on his lower lip. "Okay."

Dream's eyes brighten, and his cheeks tint darker as he tilts his head forward, pressing their lips together.

His hold is light on George, and George doesn't mind, pulling Dream closer by his shirt, a grab of the fabric and his waist. George presses them closer, eager, and holds onto Dream tight, lest he disappear from right under his hands.

It's sweet, chaste, and it strays to the right when they break apart, and Dream kisses the corner of his mouth.

Neither of them move far from each other, noses nearly bumping, and George wouldn't be able to tell where he ends and Dream begins, but he likes it this way. He doesn't move away.

"I think I'm in love with you," Dream says, lips barely brushing against George's, and he can feel his heart constrict.

"Shut up," he says instead of anything rational, and Dream laughs, and George can feel it in his own bones before Dream moves away to look at him. His eyes are wide as they stare at each other, and George is tempted to kiss him again.

"*You* shut up. I'm in love with you, idiot," Dream says, like it's easy, and maybe it is. "I love you."

George's mouth goes dry, and Dream presses a thumb into his cheek, fingers curling under George's jaw, before kissing him quickly. George blinks at him owlishly, a slight smile on his lips.

Dream returns it easily. "Are you going to say it back?"

"No," George replies, closing his eyes, and he can hear it as Dream whines, pressing their foreheads together.

"*George*," he groans, and George opens his eyes to see Dream millimeters away. "Say it back, or else."

George raises an eyebrow. "Or else what?"

"Or else I'm leaving. Who's going to hold you now, idiot?" Dream threatens, but makes no move



to do anything else, staying where he lies. “Say it *back*.”

George hums, his eyes falling shut, and Dream sighs, both hands coming up to cup George’s face. George doesn’t mind, his eyes remaining shut, even as Dream places a gentle kiss on his cheek.

“I love you,” Dream mumbles against his cheek, and George grows pink under it.

“I– you know,” George says, and Dream grins as he raises an eyebrow. “Shut *up*, you know already, I don’t need to say it.”

“You don’t,” Dream agrees, watchful eyes as he considers George’s warm face, “I just like seeing you like this.”

George scoffs, and his face is scarlet now, surely, ribcage growing tighter, and his lungs feel useless when Dream leans in close, closer, arms around him and pressing closer, and maybe this is a bad idea, being in love with a man who takes his breath away, but–

Dream kisses him again, and George feels like he can breathe again.

## End Notes

amazing ari ethmaron made a few [different art](#) pieces of this fic !!! go give them all the love :D !!!!

cycy has also made a really sweet [mini comic](#) as well :) let him know how wonderful it is !!!!!

hello !!!! im posting this twenty minutes after i finished writing it so if u spot any mistakes please excuse them :) thank u !!!

i had started writing this at the beginning of the week and had tried to write 10k under a week so . here we are :D it turned out ok i think

i know the kissing bit at the end is a little . more than i usually do im Very nervous about it please bear with me

as always, feel free to comment, kudos, and u can see me [here](#) or [here!](#)

thank u so much for reading !

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!